

Halo: Eastern Front

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Summary: The untold story of one of Earth's last Inner Colonies under seige by Covenant ground forces. Rated T for language. Please R&R.

Halo: Eastern Front

****PLEASE REVIEW****

****A/N; I don't own HALO (I'd be rich if I did) just Davis and the other self made characters here. But Please Review.****

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Camp 'Fight or You Die' or FoYD was defiantly earning its name. Dead Marine, ODST, and Covenant bodies, were scattered everywhere, while the living plundered food and ammo from the dead; 1st Lieutenant Richard 'Boots' Davis, was no exception. Running down the main trench of the camp's defensive perimeter stopping only to plunder a body that looked like it still carried a few clips of ammo or food, Davis rejoined his platoon holding position down near the south end of camp.

Officially known as East Defense Point Tertiary; the camp was shaped like a giant 'C' with the curve facing east and the two points to the south and north. Headquarters was placed in the middle where supposedly Regimental Command could see everything. This camp was positioned to block the eastern route to the planets last remaining city secreted high in a range of mountains making orbital bombardment all but impossible.

Rejoining his unit Davis leaned back against the side of the trench and slumped onto the welcoming dirt. Popping his helmet strap he

removed the large piece of head gear and let out an exasperated sigh. The 3rd Orbital Drop Platoon had been holding their position for ten days with little sleep or relief, the only relief they got was in the form of two Scorpion Tanks and a company of Marines that arrived on day two. By day six though, losses had accumulated and in order to maintain strength the Marines and ODST units had to integrate. Last time he heard the head count; fifty two of the original hundred and fifty were still fighting, but that was before that morning.

Pulling out a ration bar and eating it slowly as to make it last longer Davis watched a Marine Sergeant walk up, salute and, sit down.

"Lieutenant." The Sergeant said by way of greeting, pulling out and lighting a cigarette the Marine began to deliver his report. "That Covenant attack this morning left ten dead and twelve wounded; although four of the wounded can still fight. That leaves us with thirty four men, and that last Scorpion tank."

"Any news from upstairs?" Davis asked about the space battle raging over head.

"Yay! Good for once." The Sergeant answered, "We've actually won but we won't be getting reinforcements from Earth anytime soon. We just received word that Earth itself is under attack."

Davis' heart sank like a lead laden rock, and he nearly drop his ration bar. 'Martha!' was all he had time to think before a large blast rocked the ground and an even larger explosion sent Davis and the Marine diving for cover.

"Hunters, and a whole shit load of other bogeys!!!" the lookout called from the top of the Scorpion tank's main dome, its 50 caliber machine gun already blazing, with its 90mm cannon adding its own voice to the fray.

Grabbing his helmet and trusting it back onto his head Davis cocked his Battle Rifle and slammed himself against the side of the trench. Aiming and firing Davis brought down a Grunt after Grunt. All around him; Davis could hear the sporadic firing of the other human troops firing their weapons; along with the distinct whistling of a few pilfered Covenant weapons.

Shifting his sights from Grunts to a blue-clad Elite, Davis fired a few short bursts from his Battle Rifle, the rounds impacted and dropped the alien's shield' firing another burst Davis dropped the Elite dead in its tracks.

After exchanging his spent clip for a new one, Davis reached into his belt and removed one of his last frag grenades. Popping the pin he lobbed the baseball sized explosive into the oncoming horde of genocidal aliens where it exploded with a deafening 'kabbbbooommm!!!'

"Parker, contact headquarters see if you can get us some air support ASAP!" Davis yelled to the radio man hunched over relating Intel to regimental command.

"I already tried sir." Parker yelled over the din, "Command says that the Pelican and Shortsword Bombers are currently providing

assistants' for the northern passageway! They won't be able to get to us anytime soon!"

"Keep at it anyway!" Davis yelled back returning his attention to the now much closer Covenant forces. Repositioning his Battle Rifle towards a Jackal charging a plasma pistol; Davis squeezed off a short burst that hit the bird like creature square in the head sending it sprawling onto the ground. But not before it squeezed off its own shot, which went sailing into the Marine line. A very unlucky yet, lucky Marine took it right in the helmet saving him from a potentially life threatening injury but a part of his face was still burned to a cinder.

Reeling in pain the Marine fell to the ground creaming and hallowing at the top of his lungs. "IT BURNSSS. AHHHHH IT FUCKING BURNSSS!" Another Marine instantly dropped to his buddy's aid calling "Medic! Somebody get the damn medic over here!"

Turning away from the injured Marine or risk getting hit himself Davis raised his Rifle and returned to shooting. For the most part the combination of the units few remaining, snipers, the Scorpion Tank's guns and the guys in the trench itself kept the Covenant forces at bay; hardly any got within ten feet of the line.

Eventually through sheer number pressed their way through the barrage of bullets and pilfered plasma weapons and began to swarm into the Marine held position. Forced into close combat the besieged Marines pulled out combat knives, or swung guns like clubs and fought the Covenant hand to hand. The Grunts were no problem three feet tall and as weak as a twig they were a very little threat; save in large numbers. The bird like Jackal's with large forearm mounted shields were a different story; but the shields were weak against a large blunt force impact; and completely useless when shot at from the side or behind as it only covered the front of the vulture like creature.

Pinning a Grunt down with a large boot pinning the little creatures arm holding a plasma pistol against its chest Davis fired a short three round burst into its head, killing it instantly. Spinning and dropping into a crouch Davis fired another burst into a Jackal poised on the edge of the trench. The large shield also left small but vital areas open, such as the ankles and shoulders and the top of the head. With its ankles blown out by Davis' rounds the alien toppled over into the trench hitting its head against the opposite wall, breaking its neck with a loud, wet 'snap'.

Hearing a squawkish bark from behind him, Davis spun in a half circle, grabbing his Battle Rifle by the barrel as to use it as a club swung with all the force he could muster. The Grunt who was trying to sneak up behind him, but was hit from behind by a decent sized rock lodged loose by the ensuing melee; had instead let out a startled yelp tipping off Davis, the ODST spun immediately; smashing the butt of his Rifle into the side of the Grunts head collapsing its skull and snapping its neck.

Just then once again from behind came a yell but this time a loud and primal. Before he could even blink Davis felt an obviously nonhuman hand seize him around the back of his shirt and, hurled him back through the air. Davis landed with a loud 'Thump' a few feet down the

trench; after landing on at least one Grunt. Rolling off whatever he landed on, Davis looked back the way he just flew only to see another blue-clad Elite holding a plasma sword; one side of its quad jaw vibrating slowly with an obviously angry growl. Davis also found out that he had left his Battle Rifle back where he had been standing when the Elite grabbed him.

"Why does this shit always happen to me?" Davis asked struggling to get up, to at least fight the seven foot tall lizard man to lizard.

The Elite just stared at Davis with a mix of curiosity and hatred. Curiosity for wondering how this mere human, survived a twenty foot flight, five feet off the ground, and hatred for simply being a heretic. Deciding that each moment this abomination breathed was a moment to long the blue-clad alien charged unleashing another primal yell, right as Davis who was barley able to stand and had to lean against the trench's wall for support.

Davis was brought back to a time many years ago, back when he had just been promoted to 1st Lieutenant, a newer member to the unit asked how he got the name 'Boots'. Davis had told the kid it was because he had big, and big meant massive, feet. The Elite however got the true story. Davis in reality was not leaning against the side of the trench but in fact looking for a good handhold. When the Elite got within six feet of Davis, the ODSJ jumped up and swung both feet up into the air using the handhold he found, to brace himself; he swung both size fifteen size combat boots right into the Elites face. The combined forces of the Elite's and ODSJ's momentum would have shattered most people's faces and parts of their necks, but thanks to the alien's shield the blow would on a normal day leave a nasty headache in the morning, or in Davis' case sore knees.

The end result however was a stunned and _shieldless_ Elite. Letting go of the wall Davis let gravity do the work of getting him down. Meanwhile with his other hand Davis unholstered, aimed, and fired his Magnum Pistol. The large caliber rounds struck the Elite hard in the face and torso, sending the lizard like alien, smashing into the dirt dead. Davis once again hit he ground with a thump, this time hitting solid dirt in stead of some hapless genocidal alien.

Laying on the ground for a few second to catch his breath, Richard 'Boots' Davis couldn't help but remark "And that kid, is why they call me 'Boots'."

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A/N; Please Review, let me know what you think about it, what you think should happen next. Push the button you know, you want to.

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file.